

# THE CENSOR.

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"I have sent the Book according to your commands ; I should have sent it, if you  
"had not commanded me."—*Pliny the Younger.*

## Noctes Censoriae.

SCENE—*Dalrymple's Chambers in the Albany.*

*Vyse, Fuller, and Dalrymple taking their wine.*

*Ful.* Still at the newspaper, Haller ; may we trouble you to favour us with an extract ?

*Dal.* Nothing in it, I assure you ; nothing in it.

*Vyse.* I thought so : really this nothing must be a most fascinating species of nonentity, to have kept your tongue motionless for an hour and a half ; pray let us hear a specimen ?

*Dal.* Well then, to begin ; here are puffs respectively of "Zilla," "Salathiel," "The Disowned," and all Mr. Colburn's novels of the last twelvemonth ; half-guinea paragraphs of rumoured marriages in high life ; three columns of romance and balderdash about Mr. Stephenson's flight ; a page of nonsense about the Catholic Question ; a notice of the opening of the King's Theatre, by some one who was never inside the house ; a critique on Pisaroni's singing by a police reporter ; two jokes from Joe Miller ; a string of conundrums, for which even Keeley would be hissed off the stage ; an article on politics, which no one can understand but the writer ; an encomium on the New Monthly Magazine, composed and arranged by the Editor himself ; and two sides and a half containing the important details of a prize-fight, &c. &c. &c.

*Vyse.* And so you call this nothing : never did any thing so justly merit taxation. Positively, I should not quarrel with the legislature were it to double the stamp on the freedom of the British press ; which, not content with its devotion to the most servile purposes and interested motives, becomes the advocate of one of the most disgusting and degrading practices that ever shamed civilized humanity.

*Ful.* What do you allude to, Vyse ? Is the perusal of a prize-fight too much for your refined sensibility : do you not, in fact, think it a manly and heroic exhibition of courage and spirit ?

*Vyse.* Without affectation, I regard it as the conflict of two soulless beasts, instigated by the brutality, and set on for the

sport and profit of man ; he who could witness such a conflict unmoved would be an equally calm spectator of murder.

**Ful.** Nay, Vyse, you go rather too far : but I am perfectly of your opinion, that so far from a prize-fight being an exhibition of manliness and courage, it is one of ferocity and inhumanity ; though I have heard some say, and, to their disgrace be it recollect, have read in some of our leading journals opinions encouraging the system among the lower classes, as tending to make them better able to defend their native country.

**Vyse.** Do you recollect what Quintius Curtius says on that ? I will tell you. When Alexander took the city of Miletus, its inhabitants pointed out to him the statues of several *gallant* citizens who had often won the prize in the gladiatorial and sacred combats, upon which Alexander asked with the most cutting ridicule—“ *Where were the strong arms of those men when they received the Persian yoke?* ”

**Dal.** And, he might have added, the *Macedonian*. Read, Bertie, this description of a Radical, and tell me what you think of it ; 'tis from the Westminster Review.

**Vyse.** Why, I recollect, when I was at *Westminster School*, hearing a much better definition of the word ; and that, instead of a dozen lines, in a couple of Latin verses only. The first, in the shape of an hexameter and interrogatory, ran thus—

Dic mihi care Peter quid Radicalis habetur ?

Which was answered by the following pentameter—

De Radicali, die genus omne mali.

**Dal.** An aristocratic couplet truly ; and I dare say its author was rewarded accordingly.

**Vyse.** He was : he got a silver two-pence ; the extent of literary reward at Westminster School. I am proprietor of one and ten-pence in that way myself : but a truce to school recollections. May I ask, Haller, if you have yet become a votary of Terpsichore, and condescended at last to mingle in the gaiety of the season ?

**Dal.** Not I ; form, fashion, and frivolity are to me as detestable as ever. Terpsichore indeed ? truly did Johnson say, “ where dancing begins grace ends.” I wonder, Vyse, how you, who give yourself credit for refinement of idea, can admire so despicable an amusement ?

**Vyse.** Really, Haller, you quite mistake me ; Fuller knows that much as I practise it, I detest it more. But, generally speaking, what can be more insipid than a company of English girls, with nothing but their conversation to depend on ! There they sit, blushing and simpering, looking as pretty as possible, and as cunning as probable ; but not one word can you get out of them, unless indeed, it be that eternal query of a Christmas party, *Have you seen either of the pantomimes?*

*Ful.* An intellectual question, certainly; but what conversation can you expect between persons who never met before in their lives, and in all probability may never meet again?

*Dal.* Fuller is right: the unsocial distance between the sexes in this country, renders it difficult for either the one or the other to indulge in any thing beyond the most common topics, without incurring the absurd charge of love or flirtation. The last time, however, I went to a ball, I was determined, if I spoke at all, to say something original. I was for some time considering how I should achieve this in the midst of the nonsense around me, but as soon as it had sufficiently abated for me to be heard, I turned suddenly round, and said to my partner in the quadrille, *Do you swim?* she turned out to be a sensible creature, for, to my astonishment, she did *not* blush. Murder, by the bye, is a fine theme for conversation; I don't know what we should have done the other night without the Edinburgh murders.

*Vyse.* Talking of the Edinburgh murders—Burke, monster as I deem him, was shamefully used at the time of his execution; his dying moments ought not to have been disturbed by a mob round his gallows, a mob, perhaps, scarcely less hardened than himself.

*Ful.* Popular feeling will develope itself: the enormity of his crimes almost justified the treatment he received.

*Vyse.* Popular callousness you mean, there could be no feeling in such an act; who would add flames to hell? and the breast of Burke must have been one.

*Dal.* Well, we'll not dwell upon the subject: have you read Ireland's translation of Louis Bonaparte's Answer to Scott's History of Napoleon?

*Vyse.* I have, and excellently written it is, both by author and translator; Sir Walter cuts a pretty ridiculous figure under their united lash.

*Ful.* It is not only well written, but is an everlasting reply to the calumniators of Napoleon. The conclusion, which embodies a short sketch of the Emperor's life, is a sublime composition of truth and simplicity, and well accompanies the magnificent career of the hero it describes. There is more information, more noble sentiment, and more talent displayed in the composition of these twenty pages, than are to be found in the whole of Sir Walter Scott's nine volumes; and they fully justify the proposition of Louis, that "in spite of every thing, Napoleon still ranks as the greatest man recorded in history."

*Vyse.* That stupid hebdomadal the Athenæum has got some thing about us. Hear what it says—"The Censor is a novelty in its kind. It is written, we *understand*, by boys of the first and second forms at one of the metropolitan seminaries, and has been printed by permission of the master."

*Dal.* The *understanding* of the Athenæum has, as usual, led it into absurdity and error. This is excellent Chambertin, and well worthy of the toast I shall give—gentlemen, Success to the Censor.

### Old Maids and Bachelors.

The obloquy and ridicule so frequently cast upon "old maids," as they are emphatically called, appears to us unjust, ungenerous, and cruel. No one can believe that a life of celibacy is to a female agreeable. It is as easy to suppose that women would choose to tread alone the thorny paths of the world, as that the graceful vine would not cling to the tree whose branches could afford it support and shelter. What cruelty, then, to taunt with their misfortune, those persons who have been unable to find the protector and friend they so much require, whose lives have been solitary pilgrimages, rather than journeys, the fatigues of which have been lightened, and the ways rendered delightful by the solicitudes and society of the beings they could have loved. In place of the contumely generally bestowed upon old maids, *all* should endeavour to shew them those attentions, and give that protection which *one* ought to, and might, have afforded them. We have heard the treatment they receive, defended by the assertion, that they are a set of women whose time is occupied in prying into the affairs of others; persons who delight only in sowing dissension, and whose affection is confined to the dumb animals by which they are surrounded. Admitting the above to be a correct sketch of the old maid's character, (which very frequently is far from being the case) her conduct may be greatly palliated, if not justified. The neglect and ridicule she constantly receives, cannot but sour a disposition, however benevolent it may have formerly been, and will induce her to scrutinize the conduct of her neighbours, to discover in what degree it may be less reproachable than her own. Whatever faults may chance to be discovered, she will not hesitate to proclaim, for the purpose of showing, that those who comment upon her actions, are not immaculate in their own: her affection for dumb animals, so far from exposing her to censure, should elicit our compassion. It shows that love rejected by those on whom it might have been placed, bestowed upon brutes, who by their silent gestures, prove they are not insensible to kindness, and that they alone are attached, and faithful to their solitary mistress. In proportion to our pity for old maids, is our detestation of old bachelors. Dead branches on a living tree are lopped off, as unseemly and unproductive; and old bachelors, upon a similar principle, should be excluded from that society to which they are so utterly useless. When we hear these men talk of their pleasures, and their freedom, in believing their existence affords them happiness, we reduce them to the level of the beast, who studies but to satisfy its own desires, and this done, is contented. But let us enquire into the nature of the pleasures and liberty they eulogizes. They are free to indulge in excesses forbidden in domestic life; unrestrained by the ties of affection, they can plunge into the vortex of dissipation,

where their misnamed pleasures are generally found. The heart of a bachelor, by choice, (and such only do we attack) must be a stranger to the finest feelings of human nature. The calm happiness of a social life he can have never known. In society his spirits are elevated; by an unnatural excitement in solitude, he is solitary indeed. The Americans lately attempted to place a tax upon the heads of all males, unmarried, at a certain age. We should be almost glad to see the day that introduced such a measure to England, were the impost sufficiently heavy to counteract the mercenary motives by which men are sometimes induced to lead a life of celibacy.

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### A Song.

*From the Budget of an old Sea Officer.*

Oh! think not that in scenes of noise,  
Allured by thoughtless pleasure,  
The heart can find those hallow'd joys,  
That mem'ry loves to treasure;  
No—seek the bow'r's remote from art,  
That love and peace illumine,  
And share the sunshine of the heart—  
The smile of lovely woman!

Believe not in the sparkling bowl  
That bliss has e'er resided,  
It lights the eye, but shades the soul,  
Then let it be derided;  
Go—seek the bow'r's remov'd from art,  
That love and peace illumine,  
And share the sunshine of the heart—  
The smile of lovely woman!

TANGENT.

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### A few Maxims.

A friend's reproof is better than a stranger's praise; it may be sweeter to believe the one, it is better to listen to the other. He who speaks for our benefit, is ever to be preferred to him who speaks for our gratification. Gold is no more precious for its sound, than medicine for its taste, each is valuable only for its service: so should be respected the advice of a friend. There is no humiliation in the confession of our faults: the true meanness of our conduct consists in that low-minded cowardice called pride, which, whenever we are about to acknowledge an error, lays its finger on the lips of truth, and turns their utterance to a lie.

SFORZA.

### A Philosopher.

A certain prince offered a large reward to whomsoever in his dominions should be found to be a true philosopher. Many flocked to his court, in expectation of bearing away the proffered prize. One presented himself as worthy of the honourable distinction, inasmuch as he had spent the whole of his life in learned pursuits; but the prince immediately ordered him to depart, on hearing that he had on the preceding evening, *hurled a candlestick* at the head of one of his domestics, for having interrupted him whilst engaged in an attempt to *throw a light* upon the Holy Mystery of the Blessed Trinity. Another maintained that he was surely entitled to the reward, for that he had learned most heartily to despise the world; but the prince called him a misanthrope, and bid him go and learn better. Another argued that he certainly was a philosopher, for he was not only very punctual in his attention to his prayers, but had also devoted a considerable portion of his income to the support of the church. On being asked, however, what good he had done in the world, or how he had ever benefitted his fellow-creatures, he could make no answer, and was instantly commanded to quit the royal presence. A fourth came forward, and confidently laid claim to the reward. "For," said he, "I despise no one, I hate no one, and I am contented with my situation. I despise no one, because they, on whom the generality of mankind look with scorn, stand in need of pity; I hate no one, because it is more charitable to forgive those who injure us, and I am contented with my situation, because I know that it can never be so bad, but that it may be made worse by discontent." The palm was on the point of being awarded to this man, for he had spoken no more than the truth, when chancing to enter into a discussion with one of the standers by, in which the sage was somewhat worsted, he became so impatient of his defeat, as to seize a wig from a contiguous head, and threw it violently at his opponent. "Get thee gone," said the prince, "though thou mayest possess every other virtue, if thou hast not forbearance among the rest, thou art no philosopher." Many others offered themselves, but there was not one of them, who did not want some quality which is indispensable to the character of a true philosopher. At length the prince seeing that his wishes were not likely to be accomplished by his finding the object of his search, abandoned it as fruitless. "For," thought he, "the man who is indeed a genuine philosopher, will never present himself before me; my reward will not tempt him, for he will not look for his happiness in riches, nor will he be possessed of any vanity, a hope for the gratification of which, might act as an inducement to declare himself. I can, therefore, only console myself with the idea, that there *may be* such a man, though to chance alone, can I ever be indebted for the pleasure of discovering him."

EZZELIN.

### Sonnets to Leonora.

" Her over-powering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatry to kneel."—BYRON.

Beautiful creature of the Almighty hand !  
(For thou indeed divinely modelled art)  
There doth not in earth's crowd of beauty stand  
One like to thee !—oh ! if thy virgin heart  
Have half the depth and tenderness that dwells  
In the soft glowing of thy dove-like eye,  
How matchless must it be ! there are some spells  
In loveliness *no* bosom can defy ;  
And such are thine, yet not to face or frame  
Our homage do we pay, but to some charm  
To which *e'en* *poesy* can give no name,  
So exquisite it is,—upon my arm  
My head sinks down in poverty of thought,  
For I can find no term to call thee as I ought !

Thou walk'st the earth in gentleness and light,  
More like an animated sunbeam, than  
Material beauty to be clasped by man !  
Time passes with thee like the zoophyte,\*  
That flower, which, for ever, though in motion,  
Defies the eye its slightest change to see,  
Few hearts than mine are prouder, yet to *thee*  
I own it turns with something like devotion !  
Beautiful creature ! in the hush of night,  
When all is mute, save memory's music sighing  
O'er those dear visions of departed light  
Which hope had promised to preserve undying,  
I think of thee ! and with thy vision wakes  
A dream from which my soul a balmy requiem takes.

SFORZA.

### Strange Connection.

There is now in the shops of several of the principal print-sellers, an engraving representing the Duke of Clarence, the Marquis of Anglesea, Mr. Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and MR. BRAHAM. What a direct insult to the heir-apparent to the throne of England and the premier, to class them with a public singer. In what respect should we imagine the French government to be held, were we to hear of a print having been published in Paris, of the Duc d'Angoulême and Monsieur Bochsa.—We should look upon it as a political libel.

\* The sea nettle, or animal flower, a well known sort of zoophyte, which changes its place with a motion as imperceptible as the hour-hand of a clock.

### The Accursed.

*(Concluded.)*

What—what could lead me to the church-yard? Was it that sympathy which is said to exist in beings of one nature and feeling? Strange, unaccountable infatuation! I know not:—as I wandered along, and the snow fell in a million flakes about me—fit shroud for a broken-hearted maiden, but fitter time for one who had perished in the blossom of her days, to be interred—I stumbled on the path which was shortly to fetter the remaining link of misery. Curiosity alone, at first, prompted me to inquire whom was interred, and they told me she was known only by the name of the Beautiful Shadow! This was sufficient for me, and I gradually approached towards the tomb of my buried love.

The low melancholy bell that still rang upon the wintery breeze chimed in unison with my cares, and I felt as if I had at last found a companion in my grief.

The earth was already embanked over the form I was destined never to behold again, and the last finish to her grave was being done by the hands of the solitary grave-digger. On arriving at this little depository of beauty, I stood gazing on the snow-clad grave, as if my feverish eyes could penetrate through the earth which enshrined her; thus I continued, lost in the perplexities of my sorrow, when they were again awakened to the reality, by the fatherly and compassionate voice of her entomber. “God rest her soul!” exclaimed he, bowing his silver-haired head over her grave, “and if ever gentle maiden was admitted into heaven, she most surely shall!” “Amen,” was all I responded;—I could not utter more. My heart was too full for speech, and sinking unconsciously on my knees, blessed the cold form that slept beneath my feet.

Strange and impenetrable feeling, thus to become acquainted with her death before I knew that the grave was hers. But I soon heard it for truth; and I groaned with madness when I knew it for a certainty. I sat at the head of the grave, and kept a wakeful watch through the long bleak nights of winter, to protect the corse of my beloved; and the falling snow and the raging winds assisted to quench the fever of my brain. I became ill:—but still I remained about the cold mansion of her, whose name never shall escape these lips; and nothing human could force me from the object of my adoration, till at last, after weeks of misery endured, hunger tempted me to drag my emaciated form to the habitation of man, for though I wished for death, I thought I would live yet a little longer; and I crawled on through the snow knee deep, step by step, like the criminal with limited chain; and at each lingering step renewed the parting look: and I wept, and the tears as they trickled down my cheeks were congealed: and I thought of dying by her side; but the love of existence

stole upon me. I at last reached a house where I was taken in, and the good amiable creatures nursed and protected me through my afflicting illness.

Gracious heaven! how were they treated? Fire consumed their little farm; and I, in attempting to save the first and only offspring of their love, precipitated him through a burning chasm in the floor into the fiery gulph below. I saw him—I see him now—with the glaring flames about him as he hung clinging to a burning rafter; I heard his shrieks, and beheld his arms stretched out to me for protection. I stooped—I touched his clothes;—I was upon the beam—it cracked—the devouring element rushed towards the air, and we were both immediately tombed in smoke. I lived—and breathed amidst the fire—a thing almost impossible; but I did—I lived—to whom death would have been a blessing: and I, of no consequence to any being in the world, was unscaithed; while their boy, their innocent child, was consumed to ashes! Curses on this trembling arm to let him fall from its powerless grasp!

They were a young and industrious couple. I thought—and so I told them—I alone was the cause of his death—of the conflagration of their little farm: and they called me mad! and I am, and so shall I continue till the grass has flourished over my corse. But *when*—when shall I lay my head upon my pillow with the certainty of dying? Oh, it will be the first and only calm hour I shall have possessed for years; years—each one has appeared a century! Sometimes, I think I am doomed, like the reviler of our Saviour, to eternal life, wandering on in age and woe!—Mercy, mercy!

I took ship with the intention of going to Italy, and try whether the air of that genial clime would extinguish the burnings of my heart. Nature, at the commencement of our voyage, smiled on us in all its radiant charms, and I could almost fancy that the misery which had so long been my attendant through life had departed never to return. Vain idea! The calm—the beautiful and holy calm that dwelt upon the sighing ocean—was but the herald to more calamitous horrors. We had nearly touched the shores, when the gentle moanings of the wind, which had been long playing in deceitful whispers amongst the canvass, broke into a hurricane; and, except the minute flashings from the guns of the vessel, darkness was on all around. Oh, that night will never be erased from my memory; which seems to be the imperishable record of the calamities of life. Little were they aware whom they had on board, and that I, like another Jonas, was the origin of the tempest. Still the storm raged on, and death seemed thickening as the darkness grew more black;—but I, calm and unruffled, hung over the gun-wale of the vessel, counting and smiling, as each miserable wretch was washed off the decks by the devouring waves, and my only hope was that the next would engulf me. The boats were loosened from the masts and launched upon the billows, (for our captain had given over all

thoughts of working the ship into port) and the passengers and sailors crowded in them: one boat immediately sunk, from the number which had encumbered her; and the others but lived a little while on the mighty sea, before they were fathomed in its depths. And still I gazed calmly on the scene, and saw the men and women go down one by one; and heard their death-cries—their curses and their prayers. But all was in vain—death would not be denied; perish they must—they *did*. The captain was the last to escape; and after vainly endeavouring, by intreaty and force, to make me quit the ship, which was expected to go down every instant, flung himself on the bosom of the tempestuous element that howled forth the elegies of the dead. While I continued listlessly gazing on the grave of so many, I could distinctly hear the waters rush into the hold, making that horrible sound which none but those who have heard it can imagine. She was now gaining deeper and deeper in the ocean:—still I moved not—existence had for me no charms; and I imagined death might be met with in this watery desert, and I gave myself up to the fascination which was upon me. Slowly—slowly—I found we were sinking together. The waters and the winds had now subsided, making death more dreadful; while numbers of dead bodies floated by me, which I distinctly saw by the pale light of the moon that illuminated the desolating scene. Horrible as was the din of the tempest, it was nothing in comparison to the unnatural stillness which now prevailed. At last I went down: the waters had reached their power, and I was drawn with the hulk of the vessel into the whirlpool below;—the water gushed into my mouth—I wanted respiration—the sea closed over me—I was gone.

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No, no!—twice I returned to the surface; and I caught hold of something that was floating by, and I held in my hands the body of an infant—the head and legs were gone—my senses fled; I again sank—void of all reason—to awake once more to animation and misery.

How long I had floated on the ocean I know not; but when I awoke from the stupor, I found myself upon the shores of France. I sought an asylum, and relieved my wants afresh; and as death was a bliss refused to me, I determined to be resigned to the fate that attended me, and if I must live, it should be in the land of my anguish.

Such are some of the few eventful periods of my life. Lost to all peace—a desolating victim on the earth—I wear out my days in endeavouring to bestow happiness on others; but how fruitless are my endeavours. The only calm to my mind is to visit the grave of my broken-hearted love, in the summer and the winter; to weep over her grave, while my tears nourish the flowers which blossom over her remains. Yet nature had no cause to give me these memorials of thee, for thou wouldst never have been forgotten by the alienated from man—thou wouldst never have been obliterated from the heart of THE ACCURSED!

F. C. N.

**Song.**

Nay, do not weep ! although to day  
Be sad, to-morrow may be gay ;  
    What if the sun hath set,  
'Mid clouds and showers ?—it will rise  
More beautiful in other skies,  
    Whose smiles may greet us yet.

Then, lady, grieve no more ; but dry  
The tear that glitters in thine eye,  
    Too bright to picture pain :  
'Tis gliding—leaving as it goes,  
Thy cheek more lovely ;—as the rose  
    Looks fresher for the rain.

**EZZELIN.****On Liberty.**

Excellent as it is in itself, and, under certain restrictions, necessary to the happiness of mankind, there are few things, the desire of which has been the origin of so much crime, or the possession so great a curse as liberty.

Under the shadow of its sacred name, the traitor conceals his thirst for blood and power, his desire for revenge and personal exaltation ; the enthusiast unlifts his own passions, and miscalls them the standard of liberty ; and the democrat under its banner violates the ties of nature and the laws of God, and despises and overthrows all that the collected wisdom of ages has erected.

That freedom of thought and expression should be enjoyed by all, can be denied by none. The moral and physical constitution of the world and its governments, are subject to progressive alterations, in a great degree under the direction of its rulers, and, that such may be effected with the least possible inconvenience to the existing and the greatest advantage to future generations, it is expedient that each concerned in them should possess the opportunity, as by nature he owns the right of expressing his opinion as to the mode of effecting such changes ; and that he should be permitted to act according to his conscience, so far as may be uninfluential on the persons and property of others. These privileges constitute liberty of conscience.

Liberty of action is to be considered in contradistinction to the above ; it is the right which a man has of doing as he thinks fit. The possession of this right by an individual, would be detrimental to individuals ; but of little consequence to the community at large, for where many are opposed to one, there is little fear of that one's effecting his designs : but when liberty, or a state altogether free from constraint, is in the hands of a body of people, it becomes power ; and, accordingly, as it is directed by the impulse of the hour, to good or evil, to oppress or vindicate, it is the

cause of great and irresistible injury, or of sudden and often unjust benefit.

To prevent such misapplications of power, the necessity of human laws and constitutions is evident; which, while they secure to every one liberty of conscience, and protect property, prevent the exercise of vicious designs upon others.

Difference of wealth and station, which of necessity exist in every artificial state of society, cause the introduction of abuses; which, in the course of time, arrive at such a pitch as to overbalance the principles of justice, that were intended to prevent them, and the opportunity of the exercise of some power of oppression is seized upon by the discontented, and the vicious to effect a revolution; not to endeavour to restore the laws to their original state of purity, or to render them more perfect but to overturn them entirely. Such an overthrow of existing rule is, of course, followed by a state of anarchy, in which there is no supremacy, and every one is left to follow the bent of his own inclinations. This, says the democrat, is holy and excellent liberty: *Vox Populi vox Dei*, the government is in the hands of, those who ought to rule, *the People*; but, alas, how much more frequently is the voice of a mob more the yell of a legion of fiends rushing to the destruction of person, property, and rights, than the voice of a God.

Liberty, in the abstract, is good for all; but before it is granted to any, the use which would be made of it should be known: and we shall generally find that constraint is necessary for the well-being of mankind; and that the Utopian state of liberty and equality exists only in the fertile imaginations and heated brains of a few discontented individuals.

POLLIO.

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### Parody on Cowper's Alexander Selkirk.

I am master of all I survey,  
That is if I will not dispute  
The price that they ask me to pay  
For the fish, and the fowl, and the brute.  
Oh, London! say where are the charms,  
That Londoners see in thy face?—  
Since we stopp'd at the Bricklayer's Arms,  
I've thought it a terrible place.

All comfort is out of my reach,  
To nobody here am I known;  
I stare at the Londoners' speech,  
And they start at the sound of my own.  
The sparrows that close to me run,  
And my form with indifference see,  
Ne'er heard the sweet sound of a gun—  
Oh, their tameness is shocking to me.

The country—the sports that I love—  
 The sports that are worthy of man—  
 I have left; and must herd with a drove  
 Of creatures I'll quit when I can.  
 Though London may be all the rage,  
 'Tis a place where (I write it with truth)  
 Men use the experience of age,  
 But to work on the weakness of youth.

By every keen face may be told,  
 Though the mouth may not utter a word,  
 That its owner thinks silver and gold,  
 The sole treasures this earth can afford.  
 Men love but to buy and to sell;  
 With sour impatience is heard  
 The sound of a Sabbath-morn bell,  
 And they sigh till the next hath appeared.

In fact, though I came here for sport,  
 I find London to me but a bore;  
 My journey a lesson has taught,  
 I wish I had studied before.  
 My friends—them a letter I'll send,  
 In which an account they shall see,  
 Of the woes of their travelling friend,  
 And then they shall quickly see me.

But the sun has gone down in the west—  
 The watchmen are taking the air—  
 The playhouses here are the best,  
 And I to the playhouse repair.  
 There's a something in every place—  
 A something (though here t'must be bought)  
 Where I some signs of pleasure may trace,  
 That can reconcile me to my lot.

T.T.B.

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### Dramatic Censor.

#### KING'S THEATRE.

This house opened for the season, on Saturday, the 31st of January. The interior has undergone a thorough repair, but with the exception of the appropriation of two additional rows in the pit to private stalls, no material alterations have been effected. Rossini's beautiful opera of *La Donna del Lago*, was selected for the opening, on which occasion, three new singers appeared, for the first time in this country. Mademoiselle Monticelli, as Helen; Madame Pisaroni, as Malcolm Græme; and Signor Donzelli, as Rhoderic Dhu. The former of the two above-

mentioned ladies has a disagreeable voice, not unlike Madame Puzzi, and by no means fitted to represent the character she assumed. Madame Pisaroni appeared as Malcolm Græme : she sings most delightfully ; and she executed her music with taste, feeling, and judgment, quite equal to Pasta's. Her appearance is, perhaps, not particularly prepossessing, but were it less so than it is, her singing would be a more than adequate compensation. Signor Donzelli's voice is rather thick at times, but he is withal one of the finest singers we have heard in the character of Rhoderic Dhu. He sang that delicious air, *Ma Dove colei che accendi*, with taste and feeling we never heard surpassed. We must not omit to mention our old favourite Curioni. He gave the beautiful air “ *Aurora che Sorgerai*,” with his accustomed sweetness, elegance, and excellence. It had been expected that great opposition would have been manifested, in consequence of the late disputes between the manager and the gentlemen of the orchestra ; the result of which, has been a very material impoverishment of the band of the opera. Lindley, Nicholson, Dragonetti, and other celebrated performers, have withdrawn ; for many of whom it will be a matter of much difficulty to find efficient substitutes ; and, indeed, the loss occasioned by the secession of Mr. Lindley, cannot be remedied. We do not think it politic of M. Laporte to squabble with men, who stand so high in the favour of the public, about a paltry reduction of salary. We are aware of the enormous expenses of such an establishment as the **Opera House** ; but there are other means of retrenchment, more reasonable and more prudent, than a diminution of the salaries that have been accustomed to be paid to those members of the theatre, who have devoted nearly their whole existence to its interests. We are not surprised that the manager feared the public would evince dissatisfaction at that part of his conduct. During the first scene, there was some hissing, but it subsided almost immediately after the entrance of **Mademoiselle Monticelli**. We suspect, however, that the consideration for the singer, alone prompted the audience to restrain their expressions of displeasure.

A new ballet, under the title of *La Somnambule*, was produced after the opera, and was successful. Pauline and Coulon danced with grace, and were well received, after their two years absence from this country. We certainly miss the elegant Brocard, who was wont to delight us during the last three seasons. Her dancing pleased us ; it was always scientific, yet, at the same time, lady-like, and if she did not make us giddy by spinning, or astonish us by standing on one leg, like a goose, for a minute and a half, she fascinated us by the natural gracefulness of her action. One or two *artistes* appeared in the ballet ; they were tolerably successful, but cannot compensate for all the losses that department of the company has sustained.

We visited the house again on Tuesday, and had the mortification of finding Curioni prevented by indisposition from singing

our favourite air, *Aurora che Sorgerai*, which was, in consequence, murdered by that squeaker Torri.

## DRURY LANE.

The performances of ancient and modern music, for the present season, commenced at this theatre, on Friday, the 30th of January. The first part consisted of a selection from *Saul*; and it had been announced, that Mehul's oratorio of *Joseph*, arranged and adapted to English words, would form the second; but Mr. Colman, however, in the plenitude of his anxiety for the public morals, and (what was of course a minor consideration) seeing a prospect of extensive fees, thought proper to imagine that even the language of scripture, must stand in need of the purification of his refining pen. He accordingly asserts a right to peruse and license the new oratorio, previous to its performance. Whether his claim can be supported, is a question for the Lord Chamberlain to decide; but how far the author of *Broad Grins* may be qualified to purify sacred language, we leave the reader to determine, after having perused the following specimen of the scrupulous licenser's *moral* and *elegant* productions. Speaking of the monastery, he observes—

You'd think since tenanted by holy friars,  
That peace and harmony dwelt there eternally;  
Whoever told you so were *cursed liars*,  
The holy friars *quarrelled most infernally*.

Is the man who produced the foregoing stanza, likely to improve the language of an oratorio? Notwithstanding the officious interference of Mr. Colman, Mr. Hawes contrived to provide a delicious treat for the lovers of music. Among the instrumental performers, were Linley, Dragonetti, and several others of celebrity; and the vocal department comprised nearly all the first-rate English singers at present in the metropolis. The public were, however, deprived of the talents of Miss Byfield, a young lady who has performed one or two characters in opera with success, and who threw up her engagement, in consequence of *her name being printed in the bills after that of Miss Cawse*. Now if there be any importance attached to the position of the names, the latter lady was entitled to the precedence, she being an established popular favourite, while the former is merely one of the novelties of the season. Miss Byfield is (we admit) a more than respectable singer, but we have not much hope for her, when we find her possessed of so little confidence in her own talent, as to depend on the priority of her name, for her advancement in the estimation of the public. Mr. Hawes has acted most properly, in exposing her folly, by making known the real reason of her resignation. Were the managers of the theatres to follow his spirited example, we make no doubt that the result would be beneficial, and that they would no longer be subjected to the insolence and caprice of the principal performers.

## COVENT GARDEN.

On Tuesday, February 4th, a piece in three acts, termed in the bills a comedy, was brought out under the title of the **Widows' Bewitched**. The plot is a strange mass of unconnected improbabilities, which we can by no means trouble ourselves with presenting to our readers. Mr. C. Kemble sustained one of the characters, and, in the early scenes, had to assume the vulgarity of a Yorkshire jockey; in the latter part he wears the dress of an Oxford Blue, in which we thought he looked very like a non-commissioned officer. Mr. Green performed a part, and jumped about like an officious footman. We have no patience when we hear the acting of this man called gentlemanly; it has no pretensions to the epithet: he dresses like a linen-draper's apprentice, and his attention to a lady seems rather the assiduity of a shopman to wait upon a customer. We are, however, not surprised at the newspaper critics mistaking Mr. Green's vulgarity for gentility and elegance of deportment. The best represented character in the piece was that which was assigned to Power; he is a clever actor, and contrived once or twice to relieve the dulness of the comedy. Miss Chester appeared as one of the Bewitched Widows, and was any thing *but bewitching*; indeed, we never thought her so, nor are we by any means admirers of her acting: her affectation is disagreeable, and she minces her words so as to render them for the most part inaudible. Mrs. Chatterley was included in the caste, but had no opportunity for the exertion of the very considerable talent she possesses.

We have to complain of the very late hour at which the pantomimes are commenced, in consequence of the unnecessary length of the performances. Children, for whose entertainment these exhibitions are principally designed, are or ought to be in bed long before their conclusion.

## SURREY THEATRE.

The performances at this house continue to be excellent and attractive. Elliston has been playing many of his favourite parts with all his accustomed talent.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

A new drama, called **Monsieur Mallet** has been performed with great success. Mathews represents a part in it, with considerable feeling and judgment. Yates, T. P. Cooke, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. H. Hughes, each of them have a character in the piece, and appear to advantage.

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